

豐 JEDI MIND TRICKS

Legacy of Blood



PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"The Age of Sacred Terror"

I make you bleed with knives
I was born with all-seeing eyes
I can snatch a rapper's heart before it even dies
The caveman still believe in lies
You don't want no blood or no beef like you was Vegan Reich
You like to sleep with guys
You a gay maggot
Listening to fucking B2K faggot
Go to raves faggot
Put a hole in your heart
Destroy everything that you know and you thought
Destroy everything in Babylon
You fucking fake rap, I hate rap cause you babble on
You fucking fags are gone, I'm a hate monger
That's reason why you talking to the jake longer
Put the snakes on you, let you die there
And who gave you the fucking impression that I care?
I can thrive here, but I choose to die
On a fucking steady diet of booze and lye!

I'm the type to take it there, buck shots and start wilin'
Toss up the challenge, fuck the profilin'

It's the age of the sacred terror
A communist revolutionary, Che Guevara
Take your cheddar, take everything that you care for
Murder everybody that's what they was there for
And therefore, you getting wet from the heat
Take the food from your plate, ain't letting you eat
Ain't letting you do nothing that I don't want you to
You a crumb and that's why I like to fuck with you
I don't care about anybody except me
Until my main man Mafia is set free
You waiting for the revolution to start
But you ain't on the frontlines taking two in the heart
Elusively smart, that's why I hide from the feds
Jason Voorhees style, 5 severed heads
5 corpses, 5 state troopers dead
Lickin shots in they face till the Ruger's red

I'm the type to take it there, buck shots and start wilin'
Toss up the challenge, fuck the profilin'

If you serve God for money, you serve the devil
Claim to been in war, never heard the metal
Yeah, never even been in combat
Never even felt the supreme love from a warm gat
I'm on another plane
You can stand in front of your fam
But I'm shootin right through your mother frame
I got knuckle game, but I don't use that
Fuck a fair one, where the two-tvos at?
Where the nitrous oxide and balloons at?
Where my motherfucking Uncle Howie goons at?

This for everybody holding hammers
If you coming to our shows and you go bananas
And holding banners in support of Mumia Jamal
Run up on you fuckin pigs with the heaters n' all
I'm decieving the law, thats what I'm here for
The reason why I'm drinkin all the fucking beer for

I'm the type to take it there, buck shots and start wilin'
Toss up the challenge, fuck the profilin'

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Scars of The Crucifix"

I finally understand what all this is
How it was all possible
Now I see
Good Lord, how we must look from out there
Our addiction is evil

My brain's on another level than yours
You could only comprehend half of what my memory stores
I only walk through the heavenly doors
And never tryna see the penitentiary walls
I walk barefoot on the equator
With the mental acumen of Bob Lazar
My frame can't be explored by y'all radar
My name can't be absorbed in God's quasar
So I ain't tryna stay around this Hell
Twelve thou from all the twelve tribes of Israel
They call me Ishmael, Lord of the Seas
I'll take your life quick, gone in a fucking breeze
You don't deserve to breathe, your brain thoughtless
While I remain in the same Spain fortress
But pain's gorgeous and love is torture
And anyone who tell you different is a martyr

It makes no difference what I do
Whether I draw blood or not
You cannot see God unless you are pure
Prove there's no evil and you can go
It's the violence of my will against theirs

I'm from the pits of hell escaping from an Egyptian cell
I dedicate this to the saints that's doing bids in jail
You fucking kids are frail and we the purest form
And the biology of magic is a gorgeous psalm
My deepest thoughts are strong and I'm unbreakable
You wouldn't overstand, you're humanly incapable
My appetite for blood is gruesomely insatiable
And I'm a righteous thug that's brutally defacing you
And you don't want no war, it ain't a game, daddy
I spit a bunch of slugs into your fucking frame, daddy
You just a fucking crumb, my clique is hustling jums
I spit a rap at you to liquify your guts and lungs
But the Devil made me do that
Fighting for the rights of Islam armed with two gats
But y'all knew that, we was coming for blood
And your body, the perfect specimen to put in the mud

You are only a vessel for our God
What are you afraid of?
Eventually everyone does the same
We're not evil because of the evil we do
We do evil because we are evil

I civilize the savages while you support gay marriages
Evil demons and the Jesus of Nazareth

I keep my blade more sharper than the cactus's
I keep grenades in my parka for the pacifists
And you can't lie to God, cousin
You can't lie to the great Master Fard, cousin
It's a facade, cousin, they wanna lie to you
They wanna tell you that the government's reliable
They wanna tell you that Islam is dangerous
When everybody know the Christians are the blame for this
Cause it's the truth, deal with it
But you complain every time I'm real with it
I'm 'bout to kill critics and then take 'em to war
And teach 'em how to put they love and they faith in Allah
Or I'm breaking their jaw or I'll take 'em to burn
Cause that's the only fucking way that the pagans will learn

Essence is revealed through praxis
Because you are not ready to receive it
It's not like we have any option
There is no history, everything we are is eternally within us
We're not sinners because we sin, we sin because we are sinners

Bleeding trees waiting for judgement day
Where we can all hang ourselves from our own branches
It's not that easy

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Saviourself"

(feat. Killah Priest)

[Vinnie Paz:]

I built with Alexander the Great, he told the Persians they should stay gone
Then he told me about the Oracle of Ammon
He gave me no clue where it is
Men feared time yet time feared the pyramids
He gave me more jewels
He told me that Amenhotep was immortal
I can't overstand hieroglyph
So I called Killah Priest and he taught me how to follow it
I walked through the Valley of the Kings
With a white robe, white rose and Muwali rings
And your whole team Judas
My road thin, gold skin like Zeus'
I speak the dialog of the dead
I practiced the same war tactics in King Arthur's head
So let the swordsmen kill the beast
It's a Legacy of Blood with Vinnie Paz and Killah Priest

"The Sun Won't Come Out, unless the crowd start this
'Cause if it was my choice, you all dance in darkness"

"Elements burst and gave birth to the worst
Took the pen from the nurse and hold the mic up first"
"Put your rhymes, the rhymes, put your rhymes on the altar
Burn them as a sacrifice"

[Killah Priest:]

I paint flows with the feathers from the wings of angels
Red ink from saint blood, nigga you ain't thug
Stare into the face of a king's mug, crushed grape fill the wine jug
Ill thoughts build from the mind of rhyme, rose off the tongue like fine rugs
Let me walk you through this for the clueless

I'm Shakespearean with gray earrings
Speak like Tiberius, write novels
Spit it like Aristotle, face half Pharaoh
And half owl, I took the path of Cairo
Came back with the Dead Sea Gospel
Now known as the Dead Street Apostle
We see them Feds, shoot them hollows
Bullets spread till they meet Diablo
Stars in alignment, Priest meet with Jedi Mind Tricks
Reach them climates where you can't breath
Stay high off that dead weed
In the mind is where I plant seeds to grow fruit
Of king's so brute of army troops, mighty men in celestial suits
You need healing, my mic give you incredible boost
Where I use satellite dish and stare at my alphabetical soup
Plus I use the Big Dipper to take more than one scoop
It's Priesthood

"Straight up, we serve justice
So if they can't be trusted, may you return where the dust is"
"Put your rhymes on the alter

Burn them as a sacrifice"
"Elements burst and gave birth to the worst
Get the pen from the nurse and hook the mic up first"
"Put your rhymes on the altar
Burn them as a sacrifice"

[Vinnie Paz:]

I studied Element 115 with the Elohim
Saw the Canaanites, Sumerians and the Philistines
This is street gospel
If you don't believe in life on Mars, that mean the beast got you
You don't wanna see me and Killah Priest hostile
You don't wanna see desert eag' heat pop you
This is Mothman Prophecy
Walk back to the sand of Iraq and let the prophet breathe
We turned all our water into toxic seas
And walk in war with armor that I copped in Greece
Then I shot the beast with a long arrow
Studied Imhotep to be a strong Pharaoh

It's a war when the gods spit
It's Allah when I split the icebergs in the Arctic
I don't care what the cause is
And I'ma ride for my fam no matter what the cost is

Yeah, Vinnie Paz, Killah Priest, yeah
Priesthood, Maccabees, yeah, Army of the Pharaohs
Aight? Yeah

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"On The Eve Of War (Julio César Chávez Mix)"

[Vinnie Paz:]

Yeah... Vinnie Paz, baby

Yeah... yeah... yeah

This is raw, all across the board, Liquid Sword Chamber

If it's coming from my jaw, then it's pure anger

Heavy metal rap, with a four four banger

We can settle that, let the mic cord hang ya

I play homage to the best of them, like Christopher Wallace

And bring drama to the rest of 'em, with biscuits from coppers

I'm with Allah justice, and we raw gritty

Picture hell, Illadel' to New York City

I brought a four with me, we can capture the ring

And now we more merciless than the Statue of Ming

And y'all more purposeless than a pacifist king

You gon' die, like a brawl with a gat in the Bing

It's a passionate thing, the way we make classics

Genuine brilliance or innate madness

Yeah, we all spin on the same axis

And this chrome thing here, leave your frame backless

The police always try'na aim flame at us

So I don't mind when the pig brain splatters

I don't mind, that we all gon' die soon

I return to the silence of God's tomb

[GZA:]

There's no escapin', once my blade starts scrapin'

My sword, indeed, make more niggas bleed

Wannabe MC's is shakin'

So swift, naked eye couldn't record the speed

There's no escapin', once my blade starts scrapin'

My sword, indeed, make more niggas bleed

Wannabe MC's is shakin'

So swift, naked eye couldn't record the speed

I don't believe what I'm seeing, I don't believe it

Ladies and gentlemen, at this time

We ask you to please rise (you'll never quit

No one will ever get it, there's no thing quit)

Imagine a rhyme in it's prime, from off the baselines

Skyscraper verticals, support the hang time

Evidence that was left at the scene of the crime

Trace back to a few, from out a group of nine

Who performed well, regardless to the price of the tickets

Off or onstage, whatever, still kick it

With the footwork, of Freddie Adu, it's all new

Now the rap commissioners, they wanna clone my shoe

But the road's narrow, and it's difficult to climb

With the heat, the wind and the fallen rocks combined

It's hard to stay in line, the course is an obstacle

Within each chamber, the force is unstoppable
Lyrical swordsman, blades sharp, I cut out your heart
M.C.'s want no part, in any type of conflict
Because then I respond quick, it gets thick
The problem goes beyond sick

There's no escapin', once my blade starts scrapin'
My sword, indeed, make more niggas bleed
Wannabe MC's is shakin'
So swift, naked eye couldn't record the speed
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So swift, naked eye couldn't record the speed

[Vinnie Paz:]

(Wearin' red trunks with silver trim, fightin' outta Philadelphia, Pennsylvania)
This is how we do (His game is tight, and there's nothing to do)
Pazmanian Devil, Frank Vinatra, Jedi Mind, Wu-Tang
What's the deal, baby? GZA/Genius, Stoupe on the track, yeah
My man Stoupe on the boards

Those who dare oppose us shall stand knee deep in the blood of their children
Is that he who follows the pleasure of Allah
Like him who has made himself deserving of displeasure from Allah
And his abode in Hell, and it is an evil destination...)

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"The Darkest Throne (Interlude)"

[Boy:]

"Bless me Father for I have sinned

[Father:]

That's the one

Do you realize what you've said?

It was only once father

Do you know what the fifth is?

The fifth is that if you don't say anything its not incriminating

The fifth commandment!

Thou shalt not kill

That's right, now I want you to tell me what happened

No father, I'm not telling nobody nothing

Don't be afraid my son, nobody's more powerful than god

I don't know about that father, your guys bigger than my guy up there

My guys bigger than your guy down here

You got a point, five our fathers and five "Hail marys" for penance

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"The Worst"

Don't be scared, be prepared for the worst
Before I let a whole round of shots burst
You the opening act so rock first
Trust me, multiple shots from Glocks hurt
And I think there's been enough said
Cause your body's gonna leak like a mothafuckin dust-head
Burner love to see the blood red
And you pussy-clout rappers can't sleep until a thug's dead
But I don't plan to die
Until it's my time
So just keep playa hating from the sidelines
It's divine rhyme
Jedi Mind time
It's rap cyanide
Study the guidelines
Yeah on my last few twelve inches
Walk around with a long knife-twelve inches
That's real sharp for cutting ya skin
Tie you up make you watch while I'm fuckin' ya kin

Don't get scared, just be prepared for the worst
Don't get scared, just be prepared for the worst
Don't get scared, just be prepared for the worst
Don't get scared, just be prepared for the worst

Yeah
I have an iron force
Robbin' you on the iron horse
I'm a lion that's relyin' on the Mayan's thoughts
I'm spittin' iron darts
Until there's more dead
Then I'm seeing triple sixes on your forehead
I don't wanna die anymore
I don't wanna cry anymore
Wanna lie anymore
I just want y'all to be dead
I just wanna get rid of all these sick thoughts in my head
I stay ready on the frontline
("Anybody wants mine, that's when it's lunchtime")
And I'm a threat to the whole land
Men fear God
But God fear no man
That's the mothafuckin program
I could feel snakes just from handshakes from a cold hand
Time waits for no man
And that's word bond
Throw 'em in a ditch
Bury 'em the herb gone

Don't get scared, just be prepared for the worst
Don't get scared, just be prepared for the worst
Don't get scared, just be prepared for the worst
Don't get scared, just be prepared for the worst

This is war rap similar to Jacob's ladder
Walk around like Thor with a sacred hammer
Yeah you don't really want the guns out
We some vampire mo'fuckas
Burn when the sun's out
Y'all are traveling the bum route
Talking 'bout whips, standing on the strip with your thumbs out
But that ain't me
I don't care about a whip
Y'all are fake money just another counterfeit
While y'all are on the block thinkin bout your pipe dreams
I'm Slick Rick style thinkin how my ice gleams
Thinkin how I'm gonna make this money
Take a visit to the Bing and embrace my dunny
I guess this is just a part of God's plan
Beware of the beast undercover in the marked van
If you a smart man
Use your voice to sing
Cause that's the only fucking way to avoid the bing

Don't get scared, just be prepared for the worst
Don't get scared, just be prepared for the worst
Don't get scared, just be prepared for the worst
Don't get scared, just be prepared for the worst

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Verses Of The Bleeding"

(feat. Des Devious)

[Vinnie Paz:]

Allahu Akbar, everybody just be calm
That's the word passed down from the imam
It came from the Qur'an, it can't be wrong
It's only measured in time of God's eons
So I suggest you follow Allah way
Or turn into a bitch inside the jungle's the raw way
That's what the law say, you ain't ready for that
You better bring a bulletproof and machete for that
And nobody want to be there
They stick you with dirty motherfuckers up in the tear
Now it's back to the topic at hand, I'm rocking your fam
And fight against the army with a rock in my hand
A Glock in my hand, divide your body into two parts
Exchange entire theories of God by spitting two darts
But I just want people to build
And did imam Al Husayn know that he would be killed?

[Vinnie Paz, Des Devious:]

We coming for blood, in the name of Allah
We coming for blood, and we ain't playing with y'all
We coming for blood, we destroy and rebuild
We coming for blood, if you ain't loyal, you killed

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[Des Devious:]

I got a vice grip on the mic spitting my shit
My balls and arrogance alone be the cause of these hits
Easily split your wig with the flick of a wrist
Send a block, your body dragging you into the abyss
But that's some sick shit I only do when I trip
Or when I'm tailing motherfuckers running they lip
That's when I start the procedure of body beating you to a seizure
Your crew is standing there staring looking like non-believers
I felt 'em standing and staring, that's when I pulled the heater
My ratchet cooking these faggots, I make 'em all see the
Fact of the matter is, if you don't back down
This ain't no slap down, you getting clapped clown
So don't be running 'round, talking all this and that
That's female shit, type of shit that get you trapped
Into a dark corner, rope pulling on ya
Tried to escape, head shots left your ass a goner

[Vinnie Paz, Des Devious:]

We coming for blood, in the name of Allah
We coming for blood, and we ain't playing with y'all
We coming for blood, we destroy and rebuild
We coming for blood, if you ain't loyal, you killed

We coming for blood, in the name of Allah
We coming for blood, and we ain't playing with y'all
We coming for blood, we destroy and rebuild
We coming for blood, if you ain't loyal, you killed

[Vinnie Paz:]

I'm ready to blackout, crippler cross-face tap-out
Coming through the fucking door with the gats out
Let the blood rain down and drip on your skin
Let the slug hit your crown and rip from your limbs
I'm the illest fucking rapper alive
Give me sixteen shots, I can crack you in five
I have to survive, have to get my money and shine
Have to get everything that I used to promise my mom
I got to do it for everyone that I promised something
For everyone who thought I wouldn't be alive or something
Come on money, that's some cold shit, wishing me dead
So I'm beating they mid-section till they pissing in red

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Beyond The Gates Of Pain"

(feat. Sean Price)

Yeah, let's do it right this time
Jedi Mind tricks, Sean P
Straight up! Let's go!
Yeah! (haha)

[Sean Price:]

Yes, just confess, the best is I
Leave you, stretched from the sket, in Bedford-Stuy
Would've let you jet but I bet if I
Did that like a rat – you testify?
Niggas like what's the matter with Sean?
I'm like "Nothing, just thinkin' of a verse that can shatter the song"
Foreign bitches know the stamina strong
20 G's for the pictures, stay in the country, so I married the mob
Sean's thirty-two, but the gauge is 12
In the fifth for these funny niggas; Dave Chappelle
When Run-DMC was fuckin' Raising Hell
I was on the run from d's, these raised in hell
Kinda broke, couldn't raise the bell
Called my man, he broke two fuckin' arms, sold the gauge for bail
Beat the case, got my big gauge back as well
With rap, you can sing such amazing tales, nigga
Ya'll niggas bust my web
Heat pop, niggas cut ya dreads, cuz ya'll scared
Rockin' and rollin', guns and roses
Pockets is swollen, son is holding
Sean P, I'm the master of ceremony
That's blatin' at every phony ass rapper that ever know me
Niggas act like they ready for war
Get slapped with the tool, wake up bitch, get ready for school, one

[Vinnie Paz:]

We in this game for the money and the long life
Whether we battle with the gats or it's all mics
We can rumble with the bats or the long pipes
Vinnie Paz, it's a wrap, with Sean Price

We in this game for the money and the long life
Whether we battle with the gats or it's all mics
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Vinnie Paz, it's a wrap, with Sean Price

I'm more powerful than Gargamel, guard ya grill
And you'll be starved and killed
It's hard to build, when God reveal
That you eat lard for meals
So as the saga builds, we need raw shit
We need EPMD to drop more shit
The hardcore shit, bang out, bust a gat
The '84 shit, hang out, hustle crack
We build and we destroy until the sun drop
Until we hear the sounds of the last gun shot
But I'mma ride until the wheels fall off

Til the high in these last few pills wear off
You failed with frost, pussy rap, filled and crossed
Sellin' bags of that raw shit filled with salt
I kill ya thoughts, with a nine MA eagle
Make me sick to my stomach, like ya'll gay people
I'mma slay evil, that's what Allah likes
Vinnie Paz, Jedi Mind Tricks, Sean Price

We in this game for the money and the long life
Whether we battle with the gats or it's all mics
We can rumble with the bats or the long pipes
Vinnie Paz, it's a wrap, with Sean Price

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Whether we battle with the gats or it's all mics
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Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"And So It Burns"

You funny style to me, it's war when the beat drop
Just another motherfucker gon' see Pac
You the type that'll run when the heat pop
The type that'll hide a gun when he see cops
But not me, I'll aim a .38 at the crown
Show up the next day at the wake and frown
Yeah, and then I'll laugh at the widow
And my man Stoupe blast through the window
Foul when I was young but I survived karma
Drop bombs like a B-25 on ya
Yeah, it's Vietnam in the trenches
Just keep my seat warm on the benches
I run with wild Puerto Ricans that hit L's
And study classical verses by Big L
We came up in the game at the same time
And beat a hundred fifty rappers with the same rhyme

When touch a microphone I usually rock it
Those that don't like it, then you're psychotic
It's on 'til the death, 'til we settle the score
Bust off, we bust back strapped ready for war, what
Been down for years rockin ten for ten [?] take your whole damn clan?

I'm a mothafuckin baboon
Hit you with thirty-seven stab wounds
Bury your body deep in earth inside a black tomb
You scared of the rain, you fair-weather
I'm hardcore like Paul Bearer in sheer terror
I'll be ready for war with suede Timbs on
Y'all ain't ready to brawl until Vin's gone
Won't stop till you dead in Hell
Vinnie Paz, mega-child daddy, Ed Rendell
Was bred to fail, yeah, because the beast in all us
I was rocking Diadoras while you was eating porridge
I was listening to the Hilltop Hustlers
While you was ducking from sounds of popped mufflers
You was playing little games with your fathers
I was robbing motherfuckers for they Starters
You a novice and I'm a old vet
And I was there when the heavens and the globe met

When I touch a microphone I usually rock it
Those that don't like it, then you're psychotic
It's on 'til the death 'til we settle the score
Bust off, we bust back strapped ready for war, what
Been down for years rockin ten for ten [?] take your whole damn clan?

We ain't safe if the bomb exists
So I side with the Vietnamese Communists
If you with me motherfucker raise your arm and fist
And we can bust a fucking cap and see if God exists
I scarred your wrist, with a poisonous rusty razor
If it's Jedi Mind Tricks then it must be flavour
And it ain't safe no more

Ain't safe in the motherfucking place no more
Get laced in your upper body, face and jaw
You the type of faggot we ain't got the patience for
We break the law, while we pay our respect to Allah
But if it's beef then we be spraying your neck with a four
I love to hear the sound of a corpse drop
So protect your fucking neck like a cough drop
I'm licking four shots from different latitudes
So keep it moving like a bitch that got an attitude

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Me Ne Shalto"

Yeah, Jedi Mind baby
Check it out, yeah, aight, yeah

Junkyard Dog, real dirty and mean
Take your face off cousin, I'm a surgery fiend
The type of cat that would rather just be heard than be seen
Hold a gat, at the end of it's a burgundy beam
We serving the fiends, with a dose of the uncut
And when there's beef with the heat, then who want what?
You just waiting for the bombs to rain
Put your body in a hole like Saddam Hussein
So guard your frame when the .45 shells drop
Cause it's dark and it's hot like in Hell, Ahk
Vinnie Paz on some other shit
I like my gat chrome, backbone and a rubber grip
Licking shots at the government
With a knife out at the White House right in front of it
That's who you fucking with, I'm a sick monster
Slam dance in the motherfucking pit monster

Y'all motherfuckers don't overstand skill

Listen, I ain't gon' play no more
Beat a faggot till he ain't fucking gay no more
We gon' stay making hits, this is infinite
This is Vinnie Paz world, you just live in it
You just living in my world of doom
Until Jedi Mind decide to build your tomb
I build with goons, build with brother that's hustling leak
And there ain't nobody that's rawer than us on the beat
Ain't nobody rawer than Paz-Man
Cause I can drop a motherfucking bomb on you like The Gap Band
We coming strapped man, it's a war cousin
Hit you with the Ric Flair figure four cousin
Barry Windham right hand to your jaw cousin
Road Warriors, Animal and Hawk cousin
Take a walk, cousin, cause I'm done with you
Or you'll be looking down the barrel of a gun or two

I'm coming for your head
Like something from the Dawn of the Dead
Vito Corleone style, horse on a bed
Thoughts on a bed from a hollow tip
Chop off your fucking tongue, make you swallow it
You the type that got Amadou Diallo hit
The type to admit you faggot and be proud of it
Turn it down a bit, I can't think daddy
I think I need another motherfucking drink daddy
I think I'll hit the fucking bar with King Syze
Who's these motherfuckers dressing in pink guys?
You a retard, claim to be street smart
But you the first one to run when the beef start
You fucking sweetheart, you're in the wrong game
Beat your head till you dead with a long chain

Jedi Mind Tricks gon' have a long reign
And the opposite of pleasure is all pain

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"On The Eve Of War (Meldrick Taylor Mix)"

[Vinnie Paz:]

This is raw, all across the board, Liquid Sword Chamber
If it's coming from my jaw, then it's pure anger
Heavy metal rap, with a 44 banger
We can settle that, let the mic cord hang ya
I pay homage to the best of them, like Christopher Wallace
And bring drama to the rest of 'em, with biscuits from coppers
I'm with the Lord-Justice, and we raw gritty
Pits of hell, Illadel' to New York City
I brought a four with me, we can capture the ring
And now we more merciless than a Statue of Ming
And ya'll are more purposeless than a pacifist king
You gonna die, like a brawl with a gat in the Bing
It's a passionate thing, the way we make classics
Genuine brilliance or innate madness
Yeah, we all spin on the same axis
And this chrome thing here leave your frame backless
The police always trying to aim flame at us
So I don't mind when a pig brain splatters
I don't mind that we all gonna die soon
I return to the silence of God's tomb
Yeaaaah

[GZA:]

There is no escaping once my blade start scraping
My sword indeed make more niggas bleed
Wanabe MC's is shaken
So swift naked eye couldn't record the speed

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Imagine a rhyme in it's prime, from off the baseline
Skyscraper vertical, support the hang time
Evidence that was left at the scene of the crime, traced back to a few from outta group of nine
Who perform well regardless to the price of the tickets
Off or on stage, whatever
Still kick it, with the footwork of Freddy Adu
It's all new, now the rap commissioners they wanna clone my shoe
With the rose now, and its difficult to climb
With the heat and wind and fallin' rocks combined
It's hard to stay aligned the course is an obstacle
Within each chamber the force it unstoppable
Lyrical swordsman blade sharp, I'll cut out your heart
MC's want no part of any type of conflict
Because when I respond quick, it gets thick
The problem goes beyond sick

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Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"The Philosophy of Horror"

I was Albert Eiensteins mind, I was Italy's fine wine
I was working with God when he defined time
I was there when the guns first let off
There when they cut King Charles' head off
There when the CIA bottled the crack
And the tradgedy and triumph of Geronimo Pratt
Punch a faggot till his nose bleed heavy
Dead 'em all, then I escape in green Chevy
I merk your wisdom, spit a dart at you to hurt your vision
Put you in the worst position in a Turkish prison
Yeah, and my intention is to waste y'all
And cover your body with stitches like a baseball
I fucking lace y'all with the word of the sword
And leaving you bleeding in a ditch while you serving the lord
You deserve to be mauled by an army of bees
Just another faggot dead in his army fatigues

Fuck ya crucifix, your religion and its uselessness
Your propaganda is more wickedder than Lucifer's
Islamic scientists predicted the computer chips
I spit a rap at you to rock you like Medusa's lips
You fucking goons are sick, and y'all can see that
And y'all are my sons like Ebrahim and Eshak
So lets take a walk through the tivist town
I'm the divine science of the light and the sound
I'm the sublime giant with the right to the crown
I'm the divine tyrant and I'm striking you down
So I teach my kin to attack the beast
For trying to hide me from the 4th book of Maccabees
You wack MC's catch a hook to the head
Cause y'all don't know about the Tibetan book of the dead
You don't know about anything that's important
About the Dead Sea scrolls found in Jordan
About the way that you conduct yourself in Satan's wrath
But I don't fuck with you, you walking down the pagan's path

I'm a swordsmen, the apocalypse horsemen
What makes me smile is another's misfortune
I like to see your body in flames scortchin'
I like to see a part of your brain auctioned
I like to see inside of your main organs
I like to see inside of your veins pourin'
I find beauty in another's pain
I find beauty in the spirit of God but I don't fuckin' change
I find serenity in torture
My thoughts are too pure for the human mind to author
It's called God consciousness
Its a level beyond the God's marred thoughtlessness
I stay ready for the combat
While the ignorant praying and they wondering where they God at
I stay ready for the combat
While the ignorant praying and they wondering where they God at

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Before The Great Collapse"

To face what we are in the end
We stand before the light
And our true nature is revealed
Self-revelation is annihilation of self

Mummy, I don't wanna live no more
I don't think I got nothin' else to give no more
It's like I lost my passion for life
It's like all my actions are trife
I don't feel like I used to about the world
I don't feel like I used to about my girl
I just wanna die mummy cause it's too hard
I just wanna lie calmly and to view God
Ever since daddy died it's been pain mummy
It's like there's something wrong with my brain mummy
You was always there for me so I love you
I die for you and I place no one above you
Tell Lenny and the kids that you stay strong
And when I meet my maker that I'm gonna pray for'em
And tell P that I think he'll be a great father
Tell Young that I think he'll be a great author
Tell Planet that his wife and kids are gorgeous
And the same go for Andy and for Marcus
Tell Syze that I have faith in 'em
And never let the industry snakes get 'em

The entire world is a graveyard
(The ending of time)
We're the ones
(The ending of time)
Who let the dying know
(The ending of time)
The hour has come

I got a few things more I should say mummy
I never meant to hurt you in any way mummy
I never meant to hurt anyone, it's God's work
Cause wakin' up everyday for me is hard work
And tell June that she was the love of my life
And that I never stopped lovin' here even in spite
All the things that we went through together
Through the highs and lows and bad weather
Let Frank know he always made me smile
Tell him back in the days was crazy wild
Tell Stoupe that I always had his back, ma'
And we was meant to be together on a track, ma'
Tell Cheek I consider him a brother
When I die, the pain will spit into another
That's just how life goes ma, it's painful!
I'll come back to you in dreams as an angel
So don't blame yourself for what happened
Cause you was the best mother that I could fathom
So I'm going to the first place I can go
I love you, sincerely Vincenzo!

The ending of time
The entire world's a graveyard

Mommy just tell everyone I love them know
What I'm saying? Tell my man mike tell my magruff
Keep holding me down know what I mean?
Who let the dying know tell them to stay strong
Tell Devious to keep doing his thing mommy
The hour has come tell Locke to keep his head up things
Gonna get better know what I'm saying?
Everything's going to be good for everybody it's just hard
It's just hard for me I know this may seem like it's
The easy way out but it's not the pain hurt
Tell everyone I love them and I always had their back
Yeah sincerely yours Vinnie Pazienza

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"The President's Wife"

(feat. Des Devious)

[Vinnie Paz:]

Kidnap the president's wife without a plan
Kidnap the president's wife without a plan
Y'all ever smell the stench of dead bodies?
Kidnap the president's wife without a plan
Kidnap the president's wife without a plan
Animal thugs who bust slugs in the lobby

[Vinnie Paz & Des Devious:]

Fuck George W. Bush and what he stand for
For sending my little cousin into the damn war
What the fuck we on somebody else's land for?
Murder innocent people for Uncle Sam's law
Everybody know it's all over oil
It's all for the greed and the money that ain't for you
It's all for the head of the state that ain't loyal
Off with the head of a snake, he ain't royal
He gave two-billion dollars to the Taliban
And young Americans dead before they had a fam
Look, I don't got beef with a war
I got beef with a war mistreating the poor
I got beef with everything that he do
I got beef with the lies misleading the youth
And I'm about to take the law in my own hands
And I'm about to aim a 4 at a grown man
North, south, we should ride up at night
Black masks, black tape, black gun to his wife
Should we terrorize the city like the Summer of Sam?
Or should we kidnap the president's wife without a plan?

Kidnap the president's wife without a plan
Kidnap the president's wife without a plan
Anybody move, shake, shiver, quiver, I buck

We at 1600 Pennsylvania Ave
And I'm about to run up in this motherfucker and blast
First things first, cousin, how we get in?
We could take the janitor for all they gear and they timbs
We could tell them that we trying to raise money for aids
And we could start the onslaught for all they criminal ways
Now that we in here, where the fuck the wife at?
Where my four pound? Where the fucking knife at?
My fault, it's right here with the spiked bat
We deading 'em raw, nobody can fight back
She probably in the bedroom scared to death
She heard gunshots and she knew what's next
Des, kick in the door
If the bitch make a move, dump a clip in the whore
She ain't moving, that bitch took a piss on the floor
And she ain't getting nothing else except a kick in the jaw
Tell her husband we need more money for poor folk
And to respect others like the book that Allah wrote
Nah nigga, I ain't with that deal

Put a bullet in her head and let him see how it feels

[Vinnie Paz:]

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